

Local Writer To Edit Booklet For Stake



Martha Fugate

Martha Fugate has accepted the Midway Stake Presidency's invitation to direct the writing program for the Stake literary publication, which is usually ready for a gift for Stake mothers on Mother's Day. Since the previous name "Reflections" is used nationwide by the PTA for a school writing program, the name will be changed to Midway Stake Writers' "Search For Excellence."

Martha was an English major graduate from BYU, where she was active in creative writing. She taught English for two years at the secondary level and was employed for two school years reading and grading college compositions. She has been involved in creative writing all her life.

In accordance with the aim of searching for excellence, she would like to help writers realize their creative goals by workshops on the Ward level and individual help if requested. Tentative deadline for submitting entries for the booklet is Feb. 15, 1990.

The Ward leaders will be given additional information at an auxiliary meeting on Sept. 27 at the Stake House. In the meantime, if anyone would be interested in a little help, they are invited to call Martha at 654-4411.

Valley Writer's Club Organized

The new Heber Valley Chapter of League of Utah Writers, organized in August with five members, had its second meeting on Sept. 11 with two new members joining.

Officers are Martha Fugate, president; Joyce Kohler, president-elect, and Muriel Burt, secretary-treasurer. Members at present are Mable Mitchell, Hallie Keeling, Loni Linford, and Lyn Goffaux. Dues, which go to the state organization, are \$1 per month. From this, the state sponsors writing contest with fifteen categories, workshops, speakers as requested, a Writers' Roundup, which was held in Logan at USU earlier this month, in general, encouragement to aspiring writers with instruction and helpful criticism.

Meetings are held at member's homes on the 2nd Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. Locations will be printed in *The Wave*, or can be learned by calling one of the above officers.

Your Move, Dr. Tucker

by Martha T. Fugate
and
Florence T. Davis

writers



DR. R. DUDLEY TUCKER

Civil War violence shaped his early years, Lula defied her mother for his love, the L.D.S. missionaries rearranged his middle years. Emma nagged him for "his own good" and Sarah gave him roots.



LOU, "LULA", the sweetheart of his youth.



EMMA, the Trim-Prim "Grass Widow"



SARAH, the nurse with the unequivocal blue-eyed gaze.

**Available at: Apple A Day and
Palace Drug in Heber
and at othe L.D.S. Book
Stores. (Through Randall
Book Co.)**

DR. R. RAYMOND GREEN

Dr. R. Raymond Green was born to William Raymond and Dettat Leona Collins Green on January 29, 1917, in Provo, Utah. He received his elementary education in the Provo city schools, graduating from Brig-



ham Young University with an A.B. degree in 1943.

Between 1937 and 1939 he filled a mission to the East German Mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Prior to his departure for that mission, he was married to Virginia Tucker, daughter of George Warren and Keziah Frances Mower Tucker of Provo, Utah. Virginia Tucker Green was born in Fairview, Utah, October 5, 1917.

While attending the BYU this couple had two children, namely: Hanalee Green, born 18 July, 1940, and Sondra Green, born September 28, 1942, both in Provo, Utah.

Dr. Green's medical education was completed at the University of Utah in 1947, from where he graduated with his M.D. degree. He interned 15 months in the U. S. Marine Hospital in Staten Island, New York. He served in the following hospitals as surgical resident: Coffey Hospital, Portland, Oregon, 1948-49; (while at Portland a son, Steven Robert, was born, October 11, 1948); U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, 1949-51, with teaching assignment at the John Hopkins Hospital, 1950-51; U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Staten Island, New York, 1951-52. While in Staten Island, another son was born, Richard Raymond Green, on February 18, 1953. And finally, one year was served as chief of orthopedic surgery at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Seattle, Washington, 1952-53.

Dr. Green began private practice in Provo, Utah, in the specialty of surgery in July, 1953, and continued one year.

In July, 1954, he joined Drs. Karl O. Nielson and Willard J. Draper at the Heber Hospital, doing principally surgery. After their successive deaths, Dr. Green was

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HOV

chief of Heber Hospital between 1957 and 1960.

On the 1st of March, 1960, Dr. Green established his own private practice, separate from Heber Hospital.

While living in Heber the two daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Green married two fine local men. Sondra was first to marry, on September 9, 1960, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple, to Steven A. VanWagoner, son of Ammon and Phyllis Cummings Van Wagoner, and on July 27, 1961, Honalee Green was married to Carl William Seiter, son of Walter H. and Alice Facer Seiter, in the Swiss LDS Temple.

HUSBAND

Born _____ Place _____
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Marr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____

HUSBAND'S FATHER

HUSBAND'S
OTHER WIVES

WIFE

Born _____ Place _____
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____

WIFE'S FATHER

WIFE'S OTHER
HUSBANDS

SEX M F	CHILDREN		WHEN	
	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth		DAY	MON
Given Names	SURNAME			
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Husband
Wife

J Errol HICKEN



Scribbles

on my
Notepadby Jerrol Hicken
Wave Columnist

THOUGHTS OF SPRING

I saw a cute cartoon the other day. It showed a group of people playing and one of them asked what time it was. A second person replied that it was the first day of summer. Sometimes one gets the feeling, in places of high altitude like Heber Valley and places farther north where I live, that summers does indeed come on a single day and spring not at all.

All kidding aside, spring is on its way. We can see proof when we look around us and observe the signs. We pass on the south side of buildings and see the grass that is turning a sickly yellow/green.

Garbage appears on the top of the melting snow as the heat of the early spring sun melts the snow

and reveals the discards of the winter season.

If you should look closely where the snow is melting around the house you might find crocus and violets poking leaves through in order to get an early start on spring blossoming which makes the world more beautiful.

It won't be long before the creeks in the valley start producing water cress and people start searching for the salad delicacy.

When snow begins receding, people start thinking about going into the mountains and the parks for a picnic outing.

Children retrieve roller skates and bicycles from the basement to take advantage of any dry pavement or blacktop surface.

Mothers start slowly to acknowledge spring. Gradually a child is allowed, piece by piece, to remove the outer garments as they go out to play. (At least Mother is led to believe). As the days lengthen, cabin fever lessens as the children play more and more outside.

A sure sign of spring, is the selection of programs on the television set. Reruns become the order of the schedule and the whole family looks for excuses to avoid watching a second program again.

Fathers too are indicators of the coming of spring. Fisherman get out their fishing pole and casting plugs and find an open spot to sharpen their casting eye. Those with the green thumb can be found

in the tool shed and the garage, thumbing the cutting tools and shovels. Tillers and lawn mowers are cranked up and tested even though it may still be some time before they can be used.

Its easy to spot the coming of spring around a college or high school campus. Just look for couples embracing and osculating in public. If snow remains, they stand on the sidewalk and embrace, otherwise they can be found in any dry, sunny place.

Yes, the signs all around us shout the message that spring is almost here.

A LESSON LEARNED

It is better to keep your mouth shut and thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt.



Scribbles on my Notepad

by Jerrol Hicken
Wave Columnist

12 July 1984

July is the month in which we celebrate the freedom we have as citizens of the United States of America.

There are two holidays in this state that are explicitly set aside for the commemoration of major events that happened one hundred thirty seven and two hundred years ago.

The first event occurred on a hot July 4th, 1776, when fifty six men met in a small hall in Philadelphia to discuss an irrevocable course which would not only effect their lives but the lives of millions of people for centuries.

That which they were to do would be an act of treason, punishable by death in the eyes of the King's law. Throughout the course of the meeting the walls echoed with sounds of treason, gallows, headman's ax, disloyalty, unreasonable taxes, sedition, etc.

Those in attendance realized the great risk they were taking just in attending a meeting where the rights of the King's rule was being challenged. Just the fact of promoting independence was a seditious act. There was also concern, once the breach was made, whether the colonies would be strong enough to win and maintain their independence.

The debate had raged for many long, hot hours as impassioned men pled the cause of freedom

while others argued the consequences. The Declaration of Independence against the English King must be signed and consummated. The final outcome, though never in doubt, became very clear to all when what was to be the final speaker arose.

The man was old and looked tired, as if it were a task to summon the energy to speak. For a moment all was quiet and then he began to summarize the reasons, so eloquently outlined by others, to vote for independence. At the end, summoning his remaining strength to aid his failing voice, he said, "They may turn every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die. To the mechanics in the workshop, they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom. Sign that parchment, sign if the next moment the noose is around your neck, for that parchment will be the textbook of freedom, the Bible of the rights of man, forever."

Even before he fell back exhausted, the fifty six men rushed forward to put their signatures on the Declaration of Independence, proclaiming henceforth and forever the intent of a nation of freemen, dedicated to the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of all men.

It is of grave importance that we remember the sacrifices that those who declared independence for our great county and thus ensured our freedom from tyranny and oppression.

Though such declaration and the subsequent fighting for the freedom from oppression for all men was accomplished it was not to be immediate. Too soon the memories of man dimmed and some of those same who were so valiant in defense of freedom were to soon find themselves oppressing and castigating others who dared seek freedom of religion or freedom from slavery.

Though many remembered the reasons for the struggle for independence, intolerance crept in and tyranny became evident. Within seventy five years, the nation was to be embroiled in a civil war over slavery, though of a different type, it was a cause for declaring independence.

Religious freedom, though a basic reason for which many of the American Colonies had been settled was no longer tolerated. Irish catholics were harrassed in the east as were many others who desired only to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience as promised in the constitution.

Beginning in the 1830's, the followers of Jesus Christ, who

many called "Mormons" because of their belief in a new scripture translated by their leader, Joseph Smith, were forced to move back and forth across the young nation. Settling for a time in Missouri, they were soon displaced to Illinois.

As they made plans for a permanent home in Nauvoo, once again the selfishness and intolerance of their neighbors created havoc with their lives.

Kicked from pillar to post, searching for a place where they could live and worship in peace, according to the promise of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, they headed across the plains for the valleys of the west.

It has been 137 years this July 24th, since the first full wagon train of Mormon pioneers reached the valleys of the mountains, establishing at last, an abode where they might be free from hate and intolerance.

Because of the stalwarts of the framers of freedom in 1776 and the seekers of peace in 1847, we are able to live in and with the freedom they so earnestly sought. Many of those involved declaring freedom or pioneering for peace never lived to see the fruition of their dreams and yet willingly they sacrificed all so we might have the freedoms they so eagerly desired.

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